

TO ISABEL.

(ISABELLA STEWART)

SINCE ere I left my native isle,
My childhood's home, life's happy smile
And crossed the separating seas,
Nothing my lonely heart could please
Till now—and oh, I cannot tell
How I admire thee, Isabel'

There are, in my dear island green,
Most lovely faces to be seen,
Beautiful eyes, with kindly glee,
Beamed there in laughing love on me
Now I'm alone from day to day,
They're all three thousand miles away.

A stranger's face each face I see,
And every eye is cold to me,
No friendly voice, no kind caress,
No spell to break the loneliness,
Until I fell beneath the spell
Of thy rare beauty, Isabel

I watch thee from my window pane.
In hopes a stolen glimpse to gain
I know that purely lovely face,
I know that form of stately grace,
The sweet blue eye, the silken hair
Whose tresses shade thy forehead fair

Thy beauty, like God's summer flowers,
Blesses and cheers this world of ours.
Thy smile, the sunshine clear and true,
Of a bright spirit looking through